

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buc-  
krom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their points being broken,

*Poines.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came  
in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid,

*Prin.* O monstrous eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues,  
in Kendall green, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it  
was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse  
as a moūtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou  
knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch,

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the  
truth?

*Prin.* Why how couldst thou know these men in Kendall  
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?  
come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poines.* Come your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the  
strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on  
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons  
were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason  
vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sin. This sanguine co-  
ward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill  
of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you staruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong,  
buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like  
thee; you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile stan-  
ding tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou  
hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

*Poyn.* Marke, *Iacke*.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, &  
were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal  
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a  
word

word, outfac'd you from you  
it you here in the house: and  
way as nimbly, with as quick  
still run and roare, as euer I he  
to hack thy sword as thou hast  
what tricke? what deuce? v  
find out, to hide thee from th

*Poin.* Come lets heare *Iacke*.

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew  
Why heare you my maisters  
apparant? should I turne vpon  
knowest I am as valiant as *Hen*  
on will not touch the true. *Prin*  
was a Coward on instinct, I  
and thee, during my life; I, for  
*Prince*: but, by the Lord Lad  
Hostesse clap to the doores, w  
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hea  
fellowship come to you. What  
a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argu

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*.

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the *P*

*Prin.* How now my Lady th

*Hof.* Marry, my L, there is a  
would speake with you: he say

*Prin.* Giue him as much as w

send him backe againe to my r

*Fal.* What manner of man i

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauitie ou  
giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and ile send him

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you  
did you *Ra*; you are Lyons  
you will not touch the true *Prin*

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw